Spring 1957

outposts

32

CONTRIBUTORS

F. PRATT GREEN
PATRIC DICKINSON
ALAN SHAW
JOHN BARRON MAYS
CHRISTOPHER LEVENSON
ROY FULLER
JOHN BUXTON
BRIAN PARVIN
PHILIP CRICK

MABEL FERRETT
NOEL WELCH
MADGE HALES
BRIAN MERRIKIN HILL
JON SILKIN
HARDIMAN SCOTT
LANDRETH LEAPER
B. EVAN OWEN
JOHN CASPALL

HUGH CREIGHTON HILL

F. PRATT GREEN

Poem for Pentecost

WHAT we waited for was not fire.
A voice, perhaps, speaking favour
Out of a cloud, or gentle dove
Bearing in its beak a symbol
The heart can interpret; not wind
Banging doors, not cloven fire
Crackling in a room like Lucifer.

When we wanted to call down fire
On the Samaritans, do you remember
He rebuked us? Elijah, clearly,
Was the wrong prophet. No wonder
Those Pentecostal flames took us
Unawares, reducing the blue-prints
And dreams of a new age to ashes.

It still burns in us, peacefully
At times, as if at its cool centre
A dove rested, or with such fervour
We suffer Caesarian births upon
Altars of martyrdom. Let the knife
Turn in our vitals. Love is fire,
Phoenix of its own conflagration

And the world's, which ends in fire.
This is assumed by every prophet
I ever heard of, whether Jew
Or Greek. Why, then, do you sit
Here in your Pamphylian hide-out,
A coward falling between two fires,
Fearful to be His or Lucifer's?

PATRIC DICKINSON

By Wordsworth's Grave

AMONG these hills a man can die
His body broken upon a rock . . .
Can die at any time anywhere;
The cataract of a city street
As well can drown him. Man is urban.
Let television bring hills to his home.

Car, bus, train, bring him to his home;
But when he is really ready to die,
What size is he? Master of rock
Then? Can soft flesh go anywhere
Stripped of the swaddling of the street?
Is the loosed soul gregarious, urban?

We live in communities. Valleys are urban.
The cloud shrouding the peak is home
Only to mystics who hope that to die
Will unite them with God (the divined rock
From whose cleft side flows anywhere
Everywhere, Love). The key of the street

Is kindness-in-common. Down Cyclops Street
Noman Odysseus escapes to his urban
Fellowship: each in another's home
Keeps up the tale that we never die,
The fable we scribble on time's rock
And always must do, anywhere.

But we can face truth anywhere
And there are times in our one-way street
We feel the unreality of the urban
And yearn for a different love and home,
Knowing we leave what we are to die,
Must measure ourselves against some Rock

Some Absolute—such as volcanic rock
That was there before Life anywhere,
Before any creature, yet paves a street
And is worn away by the thin urban
Soles of the workers trekking home
Up the hill where the fool and the wise man die.

Very well, die; and knock on the rock
That is anywhere everywhere hill or street
And ask, with urbanity, 'Who's at home?'

ALAN SHAW

Portrait

THE face is a geology of experience,
Chiltern green, puckered as South Downs,
Smiling; the features given before history;
Strong in the bone as Pennine or Borrowdale volcanic;
Knobbled as outcrop of limestone, success
Its own achievement. The rifts and
Erosions accept their own failure,
The pieces faultily moved in another landscape.

Like a caged bear until the visitors have gone,
A lion at his desk, he stalks the dark jungle
Where eyes accuse and voices call from a bitter past;
The sweltering myths agonise, entangled;
The mind sorts and creates with armadillo wit.

Facing the rising waters the man once stood,
As Moses at Migdol, and now walks,
A broad back and a slouch gait to a widening tundra.
The beliefs remain: the liberal tradition,
Himself, his country and a protestant God.

JOHN BARRON MAYS

The Undefeated Spring

(for Phoebe Hesketh)

I SAW your face turned to the hills,
The barren moors, the rocky screes,
The trembling vein of hope as you
Renewed your self through these.

The ferns uncurling slender crooks,
The bluebell-misted banks, the blue
Light over them all, all lovely things
Were metaphors to you.

And clear in the strong upland stone
Masonic ice and wind refine
With a harsh discipline of pain
I saw your spirit shine.

These hills have known their agonies,
Creative suffering of a mind
Reborn through sorrow, now they hone
A new, more vital wind.

Because you bowed your head in grief
And shall again, because you gave
Half of your heart to death and learned
The wisdom of the grave,

Now these cold rocks can speak to you
And stones cry out and brooks give tongue
For that which once was bound is free
And weakness is grown strong.

Who to a song has curbed the heart's
Unrest and reconciled the ache
Of passionate all-giving love
No more your heart shall break.

But you shall move through mysteries
Tempered by life and death, set true
To the fixed lodes of faith and love
As saints and poets do!

CHRISTOPHER LEVENSON

The Sea-Dykes

THE first men here were scavengers, fishermen
Who rashly desired vengeance on the sea,
And at each spring-flood like thrift
Their tough stalks wrestled and withstood
The shock of water.

Later, under the shadow of the tide
The deltas were drained, bankers chartered the silt
To found there churches, palaces, to erect a new land
Precariously, on stilts. They understood
Their danger, knew that behind their eyes
Always from northern ice-floes the seas were rising.

Each century sand-dunes, battered, undermined, scaled
By the massed waters, were overthrown
And left derelict for the tide to ransack.
The townsfolk saw tall trees that had rooted the dunes
Rock on the swell. . . .

Now as we build another wall, further back,
All that was ours lies so remotely calm;
Our ploughs once furrowed these waves.

Yet, to-morrow, this dyke abandoned, we shall drown,
And all the stars collapse into the sea.

ROY FULLER

Love and Time

I DREAMT of love—ridiculous phrase.
And in the dream a usual pain
Was left by some predestined turn—
The man, say, of middle years whose gaze
Is fastened guiltily, in vain,
On what he tells himself will burn,
More quickly than his gentle lust,
To shrivelled surface, then to dust.

One constantly forgets in love
The bland deceit of time that may,
In a brief evening, conjure from
Love's mere physique, a system of
Inflexible theology,
And through the ensuing slumber cram
Into the second of a dream
Hurt's complete history, ream by ream.

JOHN BUXTON

The Isles of Scilly

THE gray rocks shoulder off the sea
That falls in white about their sides,
And hunch themselves to meet the tides;
Mumbling of times that used to be
They shamble on with ponderous strides.

Out in the West they gather round,
Survivors of old shipwrecked lands,
These wizened rocks, these sun-bright sands,
Now in shoal water run aground
But mindful still of Southern strands.

Here where the Northern blood runs slow
The green-patched jackets that they wear
Give them an air of devil-may-care,
And while the land's asleep in snow
With flowers they deck their hoary hair.

BRIAN PARVIN

The Start

IT was the shore-blue hook
Of rock that would not go,
Be final, eclipsed, and end
Where we would never know
How much was bound within
And not without the heart.
It was what would not wave
Farewell that hid the start.

It was the sagging lights'
Last wink that faded first
Like sprinkled dust blown
From the town's night burst,
And then a harbour slipping
Back, sea closed in on sky.
It was a pause of breath
That drew the rock to eye.

It was a face that turned,
That caught the brief alarm
Of leaving ghosts behind,
And followed with the calm
Winds searching into us.
It was a finger on the heart.
It is the shores that hide
Our journeys from the start.

PHILIP CRICK

Spell for an Unborn Child

SEEDS of courtship swimming free
Plant your happy pedigree;

Tell-tale tulip, gossip grass
Name you cupid as you pass.

Tongues of timber, echoing bird
Say for you the holy word.

Moodysolent, capstan tide
Chain beneath your shirt a bride.

Melon moon, cucumber quarter
Reap for her a gipsy daughter;

Lapping water, summer sound
Sing the fortune she shall find;

Swallow wild and willow nude
Frame your autumn solitude;

Skies of dark delphinium blue
Stoop at last and smother you.

MABEL FERRETT

Budapest

COLD under European skies
The Turul bird is hungry now
And cracked with ice the useless plough
When bread is scarce the prices rise.

Survival grafts on desperate chance;
Gray-skinned with debris are the girls.
This, this is Hungary as she twirls
To winter's stark, mimetic dance.

What hope for spring? The phoenix rose
From its burnt ashes brighter dressed.
And blood has properties unguessed.
Where martyrs die, there power grows.

NOEL WELCH

Poem

THE fields are drained of sun and in my hand
A useless bridle dangles. The wind strokes
The hedges and I see it flowing
Through a liquid mane. But illusion
To your chaste form rededicates
The eye. What is time against faith?
Your hoof at last must scorch this grass
Where I speechless kneel. Then my lasso
That a hundred times has ringed empty air
Shall for one sovereign moment crown you.
I will tear you down from the stars,
Lift you from unimagined bogs
And careless as a child unwinds
Its Mother's thread, scarce believing
It is expendable or that night
Could overtake him at the task,
Will unreel to you my strength.
But as I first saw you I shall never
See you again. Oh, horror of torn flesh,
Loss of nerve that seems complete, until
Fluent blood muzzles the whimpering dark
And morning finds you stabled in my heart.

MADGE HALES

The Old Ones

THEY knew, the old ones, all we could not,
Being young and easy; so when they said
Love died as days die, as laughter,
We would not listen but turned our heads
Towards morning, noting the firm flesh
Of young love eager to be had.
Our landscape had no waste to hide,
No serpent hid in the greenwood,
All our seascape ships returned to be refuelled,
The waves whipped or dreamed at our will,
No boat sank or was pirate plundered.

The old ones watched; their betrayed eyes
Should have warned us but did not,
For feeling the sun's heat ours for ever.
Yet, as we grew less sure, and young,
Love did lose meaning, or died so gradual
That we accepted it, took it for granted,
As one draws breath forgetting it is life.

And it was true enough what they said,
Only they never told us how love died:
Or whether they purposely let go
Feeling such wonder not to be borne too long,
Or if it was the subterfuge of change made them so,
Or if in probing at the mystery they found
Their fingernails held clay.

And I cannot forgive the old ones
For not explaining more minutely
How love dies. Whether it is the lovers
Who themselves kill love, by being too careful,
Or too careless; or whether it is a thing
That no one ever knows anything about.

BRIAN MERRIKIN HILL

Question En Passant

THIS is our life and this the fact
that makes love's thinking inexact:
that I am I and you are you
doing what we have to do,
avoiding what would make our joy,
creating what will most annoy
the tenderness we share. We meet
as casual talkers in the street
whose undeliberate intent
hid what their greeting really meant,
and then pass on to trivial ends
with chance acquaintances as friends,
forgetting how our minds became
for once a single double flame.
Since life as lived is truth, we lie
in transiently loving, die
from worldly selves when thus we give
each other hope by which to live.
Could not these worldly selves, which grew
from what men falsely thought was true
(establishing our separate pride)
be in one moment set aside
as masks, so that a real face
might shine to bring united grace
to animate with its surprise
the love that's latent in our eyes?
Or must we walk like travellers lost
in woods made printless by the frost,
separate by just so much as makes
one fear the twig the other breaks—
hearing the ominous noise and loth
to build a fire to warm them both?

11

JON SILKIN

For Two Children

I FEEL the burning of these crying birds
Whose tears drench my flesh, sweat on the thighs
Of law courts. By this law's destructive splendour

Two children flit through the needle of their town.
Past them, the ambulance on four naked feet
Treads in white fear, its antiseptic breath

Smokes on the patches of the blenched, torn blood.
Dust from the fire like a coat lies on
The rat-like pity of the lengthy dead.

I had not even bread to fill these mouths.
Here are two mouths from whose O terror creeps
Like a thrombosis, crawls like a screeching rat

Out of their net of mouths whose parents lie
Two perfect tongues of ash side by each side.
I have no bandages to dress these wounds;

I see no ambulance on naked feet
Will take these children like two feathers to
The anxious cemetery of maternal flesh.

But clothed in that ceremonial violence
Of fire that with maternal fever those
Burning parents from their bare children's side

Stole, they enter the red trap of their lives
Who are my children. Though I am now no father
Just such a death has entered my two lives

And I have no bread for their sullen mouths.

LANDRETH E. LEAPER

Lolita

LOLITA in her silken flight repeats
Patterns of absorption, and defeats
The laughter and the breeze. Her naked life
Persists in acid blades, the autumn knife
That mocks the blue garden, ravished leaves.

But her pursuer holds her arms: she turns
Her breast in love's intention, quickly learns
The adolescent death. In spiral dreams
The staining gift disintegrates, and seems
All loneliness. Eyes: tongue: the girl believes.

HARDIMAN SCOTT

Ideally

IDEALLY we should begin with meaning,
But always we have to start from nothing.
That birch silvered all over and leaning
On its sun-spun laughter of leaves, roughing
The wind and rent to weeping by the rain,
Is it less or more meaningful when thin
With winter, its buds nubbed black, its bright grain
Knifed with frost, its boughs writ with parchment skin?

These are the accidents of meaning shed
Like leaves, lit by sun or sharpened by frost,
While meaning itself comes slowly, a thread
Of growth, stitching the tree's design, and lost
Mostly in the pattern, in what is said,
As we lose the prayer daily in our bread.

61

Between Wheels and Stars: Phoebe Hesketh (Heinemann, 12s. 6d.).
Unexpected Truce: Don Geiger (Round Table Books, U.S.A., $2.50).
South of Fort Hertz: Martin Moynihan (Mitre Press, 7s. 6d.).
Selected Poems: Lawrence Durrell (Faber, 10s. 6d.).

PHOEBE HESKETH has now five books of verse to her credit and has drawn admiring comments from Siegfried Sassoon, Roy Campbell, Richard Church, and Herbert Palmer, among others. In this latest collection are several of those personal, observed, or descriptive poems she writes so well in traditional verse. When, however, she is concerned, as her publishers put it, "with man's conflict between the demands of an industrial world and his own needs as a spiritual being", the level is too low, even trivial—"Neurotic dance-bands wailing wanton music"—and the lady doth protest too much, forgetting the story of her own Ariadne (*A Flight of Bells*)—"But when she told her tale they only laughed."

"How can a man in the dark know he is there?" asks Professor Geiger. "Only by feeling" one answer could be: and the feeling in these poems is ambiguous, a kind of objective subjectivity. Some, concerned with his last-war experiences as an air-gunner, provide a mild psychological footnote to Wilfred Owen: others, of personal quandary or literary appraisal, are clean and clear. His work is always most competent: he varies forms and line-lengths and rhythms quite masterfully: he seems to owe no-one anything: he has a good eye for scene, person, and detail: in short, he is well worth reading.

South of Fort Hertz is a plain tale of the Burma campaigns, in 164 pages of four-foot couplets occasionally managed with skill though now and then falling to banal pedestrianism. The author, highly distinguished in office and public life, narrates the incidents with directness, summing up dangers and bravery, weakness and fear, the jungle, the life in the Forces, battles, a game of football, metaphysical considerations, and the sweep and detail of war. There is enough matter here for two or three Homers, though the implications and overtones are, as the author admits in his Envoi, "too lofty for your ended lay". The work fails as poetry and rarely achieves the distinction of good verse: yet admiration must honour the attempt.

When Lawrence Durrell began to assemble the exotic, the sparkling, and the evocative in his first sophisticated album, the world

appeared agog. Apparently part of it was not: for here comes an excellent introduction to tempt those who have not yet taken a sample: a brilliant selection from his four volumes of poetry, with a couple of fine new pieces, including *On Seeming to Presume* and many other beautifully-made, idiosyncratic specimens of sculptored verse.

HUGH CREIGHTON HILL.

Mavericks: Edited by Howard Sergeant and Dannie Abse (Editions Poetry and Poverty, 6s.).
New Lines: Edited by Robert Conquest (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.).
Poetry Now: Edited by G. S. Fraser (Faber, 15s.).

ACCORDING to George Jean Nathan a critic should have the mind of a gentleman and the emotions of a bum. Though I may not possess the former I certainly have the latter in abundance. Nothing less can account for the rage of frustration and the effervescence of blasphemous indignation that constitute my reactions to these anthologies. And though I may fume with a greater degree of violence over *New Lines* than over the other two collections it is only a matter of degree.

Has there ever been a time when so much potentially good poetry was published as opposed to the actually good? Poet after poet, adept at techniques, sensitive to rhythm and to verbal felicities, fail to turn their potentialities into achievement. Where is the passion, the purpose, the fire in the belly?

Take Mr. Fraser's anthology, for example, as it contains poets included in both the other books, and overlook for the moment the deplorable fact that few of his selections are truly representative of his poets: and what do we find but the second and third-rate; the half-poem and the unrealized emotion; the partially-achieved translation of undigested experience; the insubstantial bletherings of pip-squeak voices saying absolutely nothing. Out of more than a hundred poems by seventy-four poets only nineteen appear to me to stand on their own as complete and finished works of communicated art, and many of these are poems written during the war by poets long established or unhappily dead.

Certainly the versifiers who congregate about the altar of Conquest write at length about nothing, more regularly, more reasonably, and with a greater monotony of slick technique than the dissident mavericks; yet over all the eighteen poets included in

the two shorter collections with the exception of David Wright, Vernon Scannell, Dannie Abse, Jon Silkin and W. Price Turner in *Mavericks* and D. J. Enright and Thom Gunn in *New Lines,* there hangs a viscid blanket of self-regarding smugness, mildewy with the damp-rot of frothy braggadocio and baseless self-assurance. And it is futile to blame the international situation and the atomic revolution.

Apart from the two poets mentioned above, and with the possible addition of Elizabeth Jennings, we can forget Mr. Conquest and his friends. You cannot make bells out of balloons, and as Dannie Abse has said, the Lucky Jim attitude is fundamentally anti-poetic.

To all the nine poets in *Mavericks* I would say, in the name of the Muse they are struggling to invoke: Let your hair down, spit in the eye of orthodoxy, and shout your poetic truths to the hungry skies. The poet is the enemy of rational, organized society, the complete outsider, the constant heretic, the antithesis of bowler-hatted sobriety, the scourge of convention, the lash on the backs of the herd. Without his violent apostasy civilization will perish, and if *New Lines* truly represented poetry today we could be forgiven for assuming the onset of rigor mortis. But fast.

Mavericks sounds a note of hope and of re-creation, of rebellion in the bud; but it is only a beginning.

B. Evan Owen.

Sequences: Siegfried Sassoon (Faber, 10s. 6d.).
Almanack and Other Poems: John Redwood Anderson (Macdonald, 15s.).
Uncertainties and Other Poems: John Press (O.U.P., 10s. 6d.).

MR. SASSOON'S latest volume of poems is very welcome indeed. It is pleasurable to note that, unlike many of the older poets, he has not succumbed to the torpor that the Zeitgeist induces. Throughout the sixty-two poems in *Sequences* impeccable craftsmanship has not been used at the expense of genuine emotion. Advancing years have magnified the poignancy of Mr. Sassoon's poetry. I quote from *Ultimate Values*:

"The hour grows late, and I outlive my friends." Frequently his lines repeat this sentiment, and it is particularly in evidence in poems such as *A Proprietor* and *The Darkness.*

Yeats's demand for the "intellectually surprising word" has seldom been overlooked by Mr. Sassoon, although occasionally a slightly threadbare line does present itself. Such infinitesimal lapses,

however, are easily outweighed by the arresting sincerity of *A Prayer to Time* :

"Time, that anticipates eternities
And has an art to resurrect the rose . . . "

The territory trodden by Mr. Redwood Anderson has been expertly explored many times previously. Nevertheless, echoes from the traditional English poets do not impair the originality of his work. Mr. Anderson's sedate and gentle style supports him admirably throughout his narrative poems, but it is within the sterner discipline of the sonnet that one is led to realise his prodigious capabilities. Illustration by quotation is difficult. Mr. Anderson's effects are achieved quietly, and are uniformly extended over the poem. Truly dynamic lines are rarely exhibited by this poet, although *Total Eclipse* commences with the exciting statement: "They came to see the sun go blind". Mr. Anderson's target is intellectual rather than emotional. His intellectual appeal succeeds, but sometimes his communication of emotion miscarries, due perhaps to his casual employment of obvious adjectives. Mr. Anderson has tenderly and evenly related some *real* truths.

It is interesting to observe the carefully controlled contents of *Uncertainties,* Mr. Press's first volume of poems. His work, as one might suspect, is largely experimental, but the variations in style and mood culminate in a very satisfying effect. Comparable to Roy Fuller's is the wit he exercises in *Descent of a God,* but his true dominion is in Nature :

"Nature and Time, enormous and eternal
Hang over us like a dark, vaporous cloud."

It seems likely that Mr. Press will continue to draw on his consciousness of nature for his future inspiration. *Uncertainties* is the poetry of a versatile talent. It combines much candid thought with a minimum of platitudes or over-daintiness.

JOHN E. CASPALL.

6 5

Statements of Love : Eric Nixon (The Poet, Glasgow, 1s. 9d.).
Pebbles in My Pocket : Brian Parvin (Outposts Publications, 2s. 9d.).
Winter Crop : Arthur J. Bull (Outposts Publications, 2s. 9d.).

ERIC NIXON'S ten poems stand on these pages as neat and determined as the ten commandments (except that it is impossible to be entirely objective in love). These are well-made verses, meriting much reading : and the fifth, which begins :

> "Since time's our enemy
> (in this at least we are agreed)
> I'll learn to love at greater speed,"

is a modern counterpart of Marvell. This is a charming, gracious selection, with a pondering background of psychological doubt and knowledge unknown to Herrick and Campion.

The *Outposts* series of subscription pamphlets, to which *Pebbles in My Pocket* and *Winter Crop* belong, provides untrumpeted poets with a needed outlet to the world. Each pamphlet is neatly and elegantly produced, with no nonsense between poet and reader, and deserves every commendation and a circulation at least as wide as the readership of *Outposts*. Brian Parvin offers sixteen poems in varied forms and measures, competently made, if sometimes appearing a little tentative, as though perhaps one word or one line may be altered later. His themes are life and death and men and women, though there are good poems on *The Carp*

> "Lifting his eye-balls
> Over a weed wave
> And watching
> The blind rock show its fear,"

and on *The Hawk* that "sought the world / Of this attractive grass." Mr. Parvin is too modest in labelling these poems "pebbles"—though Milton had an eye for "pibles", too.

Arthur J. Bull's precise routine of rhyme, well exemplified in such a couplet as

> "and he cantankerously fine,
> pleases a mood as black as mine,"

for which he was outstandingly notable in his previous *Chromatic Airs*, and *Drift*, is continued in this pleasing selection, if now varied

by deviation from its strictness. "The verse of this uncomfortable age" he writes, "must deal / with wire and steel," yet the eighteen poems here show no sign of strain or engineering. He is a quiet skilful poet with an eye for the casual flash of recognition.

HUGH CREIGHTON HILL.

Alms for Oblivion: David Scott Blackhall (Outposts Pubns., 2s. 9d.).
Flowering Grasses: Peter Dunn (Outposts Publications, 2s. 9d.).
Mid-Century Psalms: Frederick Vanson } The Guild Broadsheets
The Winter is Over: J. Phoenice } Guild Press, 6d. each.

POETS with something worth saying will achieve publication whatever the financial climate, and the present steady flood of pamphlets and broadsheets is a good omen for the future. But a word of warning is necessary. Promoters of series will defeat their aims in advance unless they have high standards and stick to them as tenaciously as the organizers of *Outposts Publications,* on the evidence of the six pamphlets already published.

Mr. Blackhall has the advantage of a strongly held religious faith that gives backbone to his verse and provides him with an inexhaustible theme. His two sequences, *Cataract* and *The Lord's Prayer,* are conceived in wonder and humility, and despite the odd limping line are the finest poems in the four pamphlets.

These lines from *Flowering Grasses* serve to underline Mr. Dunn's pre-occupation with the hypnosis of tumbling syllables that too often turns his poems into jingles:

"The human skeleton
Is too symmetrical.
Subtract the flesh,
Unmathematical
And unpredictable,
The chuckling bone
Stares back again,
Balanced and logical
As a resolved equivalent."

He will find the vein he strikes in *Accidie* and *October Mood* the richer by far.

Mr. Vanson's sequence of poems to the memory of George Herbert

is spoiled by his too frequent use of the shop-soiled metaphor and the slick, easy Pleasant-Sunday-Afternoon sentiments, but it is worth reading; if only for the first poem.

There are one or two engaging thoughts in J. Phoenice's poems but the total effect is weak and undeserving of serious attention.

B. Evan Owen.

NOTICES

POEMS INVITED. A national magazine experimenting with the publication of poetry for the first time has given the Editor of *Outposts* the task of selecting suitable material. Payment is exceptionally good. Poems of not more than 20 lines, and having a direct impact upon the reader, should be sent (together with a stamped addressed envelope) to Howard Sergeant at the *Outposts* address.

THE POETRY BOOK SOCIETY announces that its Spring Choice for 1957 is *The Stones of Troy* by C. A. Trypanis, to be published by Faber & Faber at 10s. 6d. The Society's Spring Recommendations for 1957 are *The Collected Poems of Norman Cameron* (with an introduction by Robert Graves) published by the Hogarth Press at 15s., and *Still and All* by Burns Singer, published by Secker & Warburg at 10s. 6d.

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. The Linden Press will publish at moderate cost, poetry, short stories, etc. Work of a commercial standard is sold for the author through the booksellers in the normal manner. Both hard-bound, jacketted books, and stiff-card covered booklets are undertaken. Please write to The Linden Press, 9 St. Anne's Close, London, N.6, or telephone FITzroy 0663.

CONTEMPORARY MUSIC & POETRY CIRCLE. Poets reading their latest verse, and critics, editors, and anthologists, presenting poems that are specially interesting them, can be heard at the gatherings of the Contemporary Music and Poetry Circle, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High Street, on the second Monday of every month. Monthly circulars on application to Alec Craig, 5 Avenue House, Belsize Park Gardens.